NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

By Courtship and its Consequences, by Henry

Were the elder d'Israeli still living, he terials for a piquant addition to his "Curiosities of Literature." No publication that we know of presents a fairer field for the exercise of the analytical skill and caustic humor of the professional critic. A mere autobiographical episode—and that tee, not of the most creditable kind—in the career of one of those fashionable idlers whose eccentricities but too frequently obtain for them an equivoc neteriety, it has surprised the world by the exhibi-tion of talents which, if they had been seriously disected, might have placed within the reach of the possessor almost any of the prizes of an honorable and useful ambition. With the abuse of men's gifts and opportunities, it is not, however, our business to deal, more especially in the case of a man who presents himself before the public, smarting under s

tense of real or fancied oppression, and whose

wrongs, as he seserts, having been prejudged on exparte and, faisified testimony, demand an honest

and unbiased consideration at our hands.

And yet, had the interest of this curious publication been confined to the issues which the author so confidently submits to our judgment, we question whether its circulation would have extended much beyond the circles in which the personages who figure in it move. The grievances of which it is made the vehicle are too strictly personal to excite for them independently any very general attention or sympathy. The age of sentiment is past when the sorrows of disappointed lovers found a responsive echo in the breasts of a romantic generation. The world has, in fact, become so hardened in materialism that it is more disposed to ridicule than commiserate the tor ments which the fi kle god delights to inflict upon his votaries. The "History of a Courtship and its

Consequences," therefore, required some more novel and highly seasoned elements of attraction to ensure for it any large share of popularity.

The extraordinary sensation that has been created by this book—evidenced at once by the unprecedentedly large sale that it has already had, and the attention that has been devoted to it by the press-has naturally led to a good deal of controversy as to the grounds of the favor it has met with. It would be ard to pretend that there existed in the public mind any very general feeling of sympathy or regret for the misfortunes of its author, brought upon him, as they unquestionably were, by his own levity and folly. Still less did the conduct of his fair opponent presented to us, even as it was, under all the advantages of powerful protection, and all the prestige of a successful prosecution, appear in such a favorable light as to excite in us any very particular desire to make her further acquaintance. Whatever interest had been originally created by the melodramatic character of the whole affair, had, in fact, died out, and therefore it cannot be said that it is to either the freshness of its incidents, or to any great faith in the new version of the case, which the book might put forth, that the run which it has had is to be attributed. The truth is that the interest of the work sies entirely in its lite pary merits. It is at once one of the most original and eccentric productions that has ever emanated from the pen of a comparatively unpracticed writer. It exhibits a strange combination of natural talent, social tact, hu nor, and gentlemanly breeding, with an egotism and audacity without example, and we need scarcely add, as a consequence, a deplorable absence of judgment and discretion. These latter defects are, however, in some degree atoned for by the imperturbable good humor and philosophy with which its author regards misfortunes that would have soured the tempers, as well as blasted the prospects, of most other men. There is also this excelbeat feature in the book -- that it manifests but little vindictiveness towards the persons whom the writer conceives to have been instrumental to his refferings; so that one is disposed to look indulgent ly on much that is reprehensible, in consideration of these better qualities of his

ed by the post—

He that hath all his sins confessed,
Stands next to him that never has transgressed.

He has had the good sense, too, to dispard all af fectation of sensement, which he knew in his case would be only laughed at; and, in giving full play to

the buoyancy and liveliness of his temperament, he

his attained a literary success which a more elabo rate effort could not have achieved. By making a

clean breast of it with the world, he felt that he had

nothing to lose, for the tongue of standal had alrea

dy done its worst with his reputation—and on this point he certainly deserves credit for discrimination. Few men would have had moral courage

enough again to run the gauntlet of criticism afte

time had consigned to a partial oblivion such odious

charges as those with which the writer was assailed; and his doing so argues a consciousness

the follies to which he pleads guilty, they are of too common occurrence to call for heavier censure in his see than in that of thousands of others, who have ained,in spite of them, their position in society. Resides, the world, in consideration of the severe lesson that he has received, will be disposed to give him the benefit of the charitable doctrine inculcat-

Prom this cursory description, a tolerably correct idea may be formed of the general merits and pe. cultarities of the book. In point of mere style, it is superior to ninety-nine out of a hundred of the more pretentions works that issue from our press. It bears on the face of it the stamp of a highly culti. wated and observant mind, which has seen and read much, although it has failed to profit by it. It combines something of the collequial ease and vivacity of Horace Walpole's writings with the precision and elegance which characterize Lord Chesterfield's letters. Taken as a whole, however, it offers, both in the subject and mode of treatment, more general points of resemblance to Hamilton's lively "Memoirs of De Grammont" than to any other work of a similar character that we are acquainted with. The analogy between the careers of the two chevaliers— both alike renowned in the lists of fove and diplomacy—is not more striking than that which exists between the records of their adventures. La Harne's description of Hamilton's book applies with ost equal felicity to the publication before us : "Of all frivolous works," said that discriminating judge, " it is the most agreeable and the most ingent ous. It is the production of a light and subtle mind. babituated in the corruption of courts to acknowledge no other check than ridicule; to cover the loosest anners with a varnish of elegance, and to reader all thirgs subordinate to pleasure and galety. There is something of the style of Voiture about it, butit is far more highly finished. The art of narrating trifles so as to make much of them is to be found in erfection in its pages."

That a men who has the capacity and the

courage to write a book of this description should lay claim to any great ardor or sincerity of feel. ing, was of course too absurd a pretension even for a person of Wikoff's mental calibre to seek to im pose upon his readers. His professions of attachment to the fair object of his pursuit are accordingly merely used as a sort of decent well to the more mercenary purpose which he had in view, and ithey are coupled with so many side whispers and os regarding the lady's age and absence of personal attractions, that they intimate pretty plainly that no one is expected to believe them. To do him justice, there is very little hypocrisy about his book. According to his own portrait of himself, he stands confessed one of the most heartless and unscrupaious, but at the same time, it must be admitted, one of the livellest and most amusing of gallants. It is not our purpose to follow him through the delicate intricacies of the liaston which he has shought it necessary to lay bare to the public eye, in order to extenuate the effect of the Genoa verdict. Our opinions of that decision have been long since formed, and it did not require the evidences of the mady's folly and indiscretion, furnished by thes

piquant exposures, to confirm the idea now get rally entertained, of the ridiculous disproportion that existed between her admirer's offence and its punishment. On a candid review of the circumstances of the case, it is almost impossible to avoid arriving at the conclusion that of the two the conduct of the lady was the most cen-surable. If Wikoif deserves to be stigmatized as an unscrupulous fortune hunter, what shall we say of the woman who, for the gratification of an vanity, encouraged the attentions of a man of a no-toriously equivocal reputation in such matters, and whom no prudent fema'e, in a mere spirit of trifling, should have admitted to such intimate relations with ber? It must be borne in mind that she had neither youth nor inexperience to plead in extension of berwaccountable folly. She cannot even lay claim to that in atuation of passion or sentiment which forms a palliation for most female errors. The whole context of her correspondence and her conduct immediately previous to and subsequent to the trial. to say nothing of the conversations detailed in this book, show that her heart was never for a moment touched by any real feeling of love or even regard for her admirer. She was flattered by having, as she supposed, caught in her toils one of the gay Letheries of Paris and London society, and she felt disposed to amuse herseif at his expense, without siving him any real hold over her. Is it to be wondered at that a woman who should propose such a dangerous game to herself, should able as may be the taste which under ordinary circumstances might prompt a man to lay bare relations which are usually considered sacred from public observation, some justification is to be found in the present instance, in the fact that not only throughout the whole of the proceedings before the Genoa tribuna', but throughout the entire of Wikeff's long and weary captivity, a remorseless vindic-tiveness was exhibited by Miss Gamble, which disentitles her to any very delicate consideration at his hands. Not satisfied with crushing him by the weight of a public condemnation, she sternly opposed all the efforts made by his friends to shorten the term of his imprisonment. Had this relentless-ness of feeling arisen from any keen souse of serious injury on her part, some palliation might be found for it, but her conduct immediately after the offence of which her quendam lover was charged, as well as her subsequent declarations, show that in reality she attached but little importance to any effect which it might have upon her reputation. Unfortunately she fell into the hands of persons who instead of using efforts to soothe her wounded pride, only confirmed her in her revengeful impulses, and for motives best known to themselves, who urged her to proceed to extremes which all must aim: were an worthy of a kind-hearted and high-minded There are some curious circumstances connected

with the Genoa tr'al which have never been satisfactorily explained, and which suggest the suspicion that high political influences were employed to en-sure a conviction. The fact, though long doubted, is no # pretty well established that Wikoff, previous to this unfortunate affair, had been in the pay of the English Foreign Office, either as a political writer or a secret diplomatic agent, and had quarrelled with or been dismissed by Lord Paimerston. From the moment when Miss Gamble's complaint against him was brought within the cognizance of the English Consul, Mr. Timothy Brown, the mat er, which might have been easily hushed up, was made to assume a serious aspect, and every effort was used by him to inflame and exasperate the feelings of the lady. Throughout the whole of the complicated pro-ceedings with which the unfortunate delinquent was harassed before his offence could be shaped by legal ingenuity into a definite criminal charge, the evil influence of this man is everywhere visible-stimulating, encouraging and advising the harshest measures, and supplying extraneous evidence to blast the character of the accused where it was apprahended that the weakcess of the direct testimony acduced might have failed in ensuring the desired result. Owing to recent political circumstances British influence was in the ascendant with the Sar-dinian government at the period when the trial took place, and Consul Brown seems to have stretched to the uttermost the advantages which he derived from this circumstance for the purpose of crushing the accused. As a specimen of the gross partiality with which judicial investigations are conducted under the constitutional government of Sardinia, we will quote from the book a sketch of the second day's pro-

I rose betimes next morning, greatly refreshed by a sound sleep, and was cheered during my breakfast by the news that the tide of opinion had turned strongly in my favor. The general impression amongst the officials of the prison was that I must be acquitted, from the absence of all proof showing criminality, either as to intention or

my favor. The general impression amongst the officials of the prison was that I must be acquitted, from the absence of all proof showing criminality, either as to intention or art.

I set off, as before, with Roquino, a little after nine o'clock, for the Tower prison, where I found the courier and Pietro in a better state of mind than on the previous day. I heard that the multitude about the doors of the ducal palace was denser than on the first day; for the noise of the trial had spread through the town, and curiosity as to the result had vastly increased the throng. I felt less maucaize hone, now that the real nature of the case had become better known; and, on setting out for the Court, I declined the offer of the sedan-chair, and no longer sought to concal myself from public view. As I made my way, under the secort of two carabiniers, through the crowd that filled the courtyard, and lined the splenidd staircase of the old palace of the logges, now converted into halls of justice, I received numerous marks of sympathy, and was halled by occasional cries of "vica!" for I was generally looked upon by the public as the victim of the English Consul, who had taken no pains to disguise his hostile proceedings against me. It was generally supposed that he was acting under the instructions of his government, and that I was, in fact, the object of a secret political intrigue, which was carried on under cover of a moxk-trail for the abduction of my affianced bride. I entered the court room about ten o'clock, an't took my seat as before with the courier and Fietro in my neighborhood. Miss Gamble was already in her place, attended, as yesterday, by Miss Bennett and Mary.

My astonishment was even greater than the day before, to find that not a single lady was to be seen in any part of the courthouse. The mea had it all to them selves, and the throng was extraordinary. Miss Gamble, however, seemed perfectly at her case, though her manner gave tokens of irritation I had not observed on the previous day. I soon learned tha

posed.
"A well contrived trick," I replied; "but what is the "A well contrived trick," I replied; "but what is the nature of this document?"

"I have just glanced over it," said my Consul, "and it seems to be a letter addressed to Miss Gamble by a former acquaintance of yours, and contains merely some sweeping expressions of a very abusive character." [I may as well state here that the person who was declared to be the writer of this calumnious epistic was Mrs. —; but, I am happy to say that I received afterwards a written denial from Mrs. — that she ever penned anything of the sort. Mr. Brown was therefore guilty of a falsehood in assigning Mrs. — as the author of a lampoon he had possibly concocted.]

"But has it anything to do with the case in hand?" I saked.

"Not the least in the world," returned the American

"Not the scatt in the Consul.
"Then, the object," I continued, "is plainly, as you suggest, to lower my character in the public view, and afford the tribunal, if so inclined, a justification for an adverse sentence. Well, let them play their game out.

I shall not oppose the reading of this irrelevant matter."

"But we shall," said my lawyers, who were standing by: "for such a proceeding is really abominable."

It was half-past 10 o'clock before the judges entered and took their seats. The lawyer of Miss Gamble, Sy Gabelia immediately arose, and stated that Mr. Brown, the English Consul, had brought a document into Court that morning which threw doubts on the character of the accused, Mr. Wikoff, and he demanded, therefore, in the interest of his client, Miss Gamble, that the said document should be publicly read. I gave my ready assent to its reading, as demanded; but Signor Maurino arose, under some excitement, and said—

"I hat, notwithstanding the permission just accorded by his client, Mr. Wikoff, he would, on his own responsibility, protest against the irregularity of this singular proceeding. It is a well known enactment of our law," he continued, "that no evidence of the kind in question can be produced on trial without five days previous notice to the opposite party; and here, on the second day of a trial, when the evidence is nearly closed, we find a concealed battery suddenly opened upon us, not in the shape of a reputable winess, but in the equivocal one of a calumnious letter that says nothing of the case in hand; and which, I may add, does little credit to its ostenshibe author. What motive can Mr. Consul Brown have for this illegal and unfair maneaver other than to prejudice the tribunal, and to justify the condemation of my client in the public eye? In a word, I protest against the admission of the said document; first as allegal, and rest as irrelevant, having nothing whatever to do with the offence my client is here to answer."

The Tribunal then called upon Mr. Rown to deposit the document be held in their hands, and they retired to reflect upon what course it was best to adopt under the circumstances.

It appears that the libellous letter in question had een duly translated into Italian, and was meant to reste tupon what course it was best

le appear that the libellous letter in question had een duly translated into Italian, and was meant to perste, therefore, upon such of the judges and the public who did not understand the French and English anguages.

The Court remained absent for near an hour, and, of course, perused the invidious paper they had carried with them. Insamuch as the law clearly forbid its admission as evidence, their duty was to overrule it at once, without leaving the bench. I merely instance this act of President Malaspina and his coadjutors to show how small their deference for law or justice.

On the return of the Tribunal, it was pronounced with much learned verbosity, that, according to the Sardinian code of procedure, no documents could be produced on trial without five days previous notice to the opposite party; and as this requisition had not been compiled with in this instance, the decument brought forward by Mr. Cor sail Frown was inadmissible.

One of my counsel then rose and objected to Mr. Brown being heard as a witness, since article 30% of the code declared that the name of every witness, icagether with a summary of the facts on which he is to be interrogated, must be deposited at the secretary's office at least twenty-four hours before the trial; and as this necessary formality had not been fulfilled in Mr. Brown's case, he could not legally be admitted as a witness.

The Tribunal deciced that, although due notice had not been given as stated, according to the law, yet they considered themselves vested with a discretionary power in the case, and they would therefore grant their consent to the examination of the witness.

Mr. Consul Brown was then called forward, and took his seat on a chair in front of the Tribunal. He had the complacent air of a man who seemed to relish his work. Inagine the astonishment of the public when the President Malaspina give (and I here consented to extend the prevent of the property of the complacent air of an any wood of the consent of the public, when the public, it was any of the p

ERTISH COSSET—I am persuaded that Wittel was determined to ob ain Miss Gamble's fortune either by love or force.

At the close of his testimeny Mr. Brown left his chair, and, instead of returning to his place he seated himself, to the surprise of all, along side of the President, and continued to supervise the proceedings with an air of authority that seemed to imply that his dicla was paramount over both law and judge. He chatted familiarly with the judges, and must have said some good things, from the giggling that frequently ensued. This was not very decorous in so grave a place as a court of justice ought to be; but the way judicial business is managed in Genca, taking this as a sample, is different from what I had ever seen in any other country before. Notwith-standing the inattention of my judges, I rose immediately after Mr. Brown had finished, and begged to address a few observations to the Court. I said: "It is not my purpose to bandy words with Mr. Consul Brown, and I will, therefore, make ne reply to the unnecessary aspersions he has chosen to cast upon me. I leave them in their spirit and taste to public appreciation, both here, in his country, and in mine. Indeed, I have reason to be satisfied that he has given such plain expression to his feelings, and in language so intemperate, since it cannot fail to prove he has acted towards me throughout this purelle affair with a virulence that no one could have expected of an English Consul, or an English greatleman. But let that nass. There is one me throughout this puerile sifair with a virulence that no one could have expected of an English Conul, or an English gentleman. But let that pass. There is one distinct declaration, however, on his part that I feel it necessary to notice on the spot. Mr. Brown has proclaimed his disbelief that I have ever been in the employ of the British government. Nay, more. He has stated that the English Ambassador at Turin, Mr. Hudson, has declared that my repeate connection with the British government was 'impossible' I must first express my regret that either the President of the Tribunal, or Mr. Brown, has thought it to mix up the British government with so frivolous a case as allow to the British government with so frivolous a case as the control of the British government of the British British British British British government of the British Briti

twelvementh's notice of its cessation, he will sontinue, until the end of June next, 1852, the rate of payment which you have already received, and on the 30th of June that allowance will accordingly cease altogether. I am, sir, your obedient and humble servant.

The American Consul was the last witness that was called. He appeared in his uniform, as a mark of respect for the court; and next, to show that he took an official interest in what was going on. He considered the tribunal under the influence of Consul Brown, and he meant, by wearing his uniform, to show that he attached importance to the fact. He was requested to take his eath. He made no objections, though he was greatly astonished, as well as the public, that the testimony of the English Consul hab been received on his honor, whilst he, though appearing in his official capacity, was desired to be sworn. Could anything be more gross than the partiality of the tribunal in favor of the prosecution?

ferences. It would be difficult to account, on any rational or conventional grounds, for the perti-nacity with which the English Consul insisted on carrying into court a case which might have been so easily arranged out of it, and still less for the inveterate personal hestility which he manifested towards the accused throughout the whole of the trial. Can it really be that he was acting under instructions from Lord Palmerston, and that there were reasons that rendered it desirable that Wikoff should be either put out of the way, by being sent to the galleys, as was first contemplated, or that he should be so damaged in public estimation as to throw discredit on any statements that he might cheese to make in reference to his connection with the British Foreign Office? This is an inquiry that will naturally suggest itself to the mind of the will insurinly suggest their to be mind of the reader, on a careful perusal of the facts of the case; but the mystery in which it is involved is not likely to be cleared up until Wikoff publishes his promised history of his relations with the British government.

One of the cleverest and most amusing chapters of the book is the description of the interview which took place between Wikoff and Thurlow Weed, since the arrival of the former in New York. Commen-

of the book is the description of the interview which took place between Wikoff and Thurlow Weed, since the arrival of the former in New York. Commentary would only spoil its effect:—

AN OLD FOX CATGET IN A TRAP.

Before my book was wholly out of the printer's hands, I felt a lively itching to get hold of Mr. Thurlow Weed who had libelled me in a ounceascent bate anamer, as I have already stated. "Who is Blennerchasset?" demanded the eloquent Wirt, a long time ago; and he set to work to explain as nebody but himself really knew. But who Thurlow Weed is, it is quite unnecessary to asay, for who don't know him, at least, in this glorious Empire State of ours? From the time of Morgan's disappearance, (the recreant Mason.) and his subsequent discover, without whiskers, by this already party, and pull the other down, till, at let, we behold him. Jor comple, at the very top of the political dung hill, dispping his winge and crowing with a laxiness that may be heard all the way to Washington. The moment was opportune to approach him; for success, like heat, opens the portion of the heart, and I thought I might be able to awaken his sympathy, if I tailed to find his conscience. Mr. Weed did me incalculable injury by the institute was to exciting—the parties so well known, that everybody believed it. Whereas the story was an ingestious misrepresentation from beginning to end. Regarding Mr. Weed as the dupe of Miss Gamble, as he stated, everybody believed it. Whereas the story was an ingestious misrepresentation from beginning to end. Regarding Mr. Weed as the dupe of Miss Gamble, as he stated, everybody believed it. Whereas the story was an ingestious misrepresentation from beginning to end. Regarding Mr. Weed as the dupe of Miss Gamble, as he stated, everybody believed it. Whereas the story was an ingestious misrepresentation from beginning to end. Regarding Mr. Weed as the had related, it has plained to be trusted, might not people hereafter put less falth in the politician? Weed to the proposition of the hard propos

was the answer.

'Peint bim out to me?' I said to a waiter, for I had never seen him.

He did so, and I approached a very tall man, of middle age, who turned as I sounded his name.

evening," I said, addressing him, "on important business."

He peered curiously in my face, and looked as if he wondered who the deuce I could be.
I didn't mean to tell him then.

"Let me see," he replied, gazing at me all the time, "I have not dined yet."

"Will you be at leisure by eight o'clock?" I inquired. He meditated a moment, but curiosity predominated. "Yes, you will find me at eight o'clock."

I smiled frequently, whilst eating my own dinner, at thinking what a dose awaited the unsuspecting editor of the Eccuring Journal. I had to swallow mine when flat on my back in an Halian prison. He can bolt his with the best wine of the Astor House to wash it down, whilst drinning to the victory of his own candidate for Governor.

the best wise of the Astor House to wash it down, whilst drinaing to the victory of his own candidate for Governor.

"I have come rather before my time," I said apologetically, as I entered Mr. Weed's parior. I thought it best to come earlier than expected, lest he might be out of the way.

"Don't mention it," he said, pleasantly effering me a chair, "I am very glad to see you."

"You may be less so when you hear my name is Wikof." in wery glad to see you."

"You may be less so when you hear my name is Wikof." he ejaculated, and nearly dropped the poker he was approaching the fire with, "Indeed?" he centiaused, staring at me in astonishment.

"Yes, I have called on you, Mr. Weed, to ask why you did not do as much for me when you were in Genoa, and I was in prison, before publishing a defamatory statement."

Mr. Weed poked the fire unmercifully—hemmed—asked me if I wouldn't prefer sitting on the sofa—or if liked a rockingchair best, and he offered me his own.

I saw he was dreadfully put to it, and to give him time to recover, and get his wits to rights, I went on ratting about Genoa, Miss Gamble, myself, himself, and the wonderful account he had given of the whole matter. I was perfectly cool, courteous and secretly amused. By this time Richard was himself again. He got down into a corner of the sofa near to me; his face was flushed, but his agitation was inward, for externally he was calm. I had been analyzing him whilst talking. His manner was soft and conciliatory. Subtle men are said to have this peculiarity. His face had an agreeable aspect, but his eye troubled me considerably. It was difficult to see it at all, for his eyebrow was heavy and busby, and he could let it down like a curtain, until the organ was nearly invisible.

I'll make him open his eyes before we part, I mentally resolved.
"I assure you," said Mr. Weed, in an expostulating the state of the said and the second of t

busby, and he could let it down like a curtain, until the organ was nearly invisible.

I'll make him open his eyes before we part, I mentally resolved.

"I assure you," said Mr. Weed, in an expostulating tone, "I never dreamt the little story I wrote home about it would go beyond Albany.

"It might not, if it had been written with less skill." Mr. Weed was not insensible to compliment, I saw, for he "grinned a ghastly smile" at the allusion to his ability.

He then began talking of Miss Gamble, and I soon penetrated his tactics. He was misled by my munner. Seeing I was not at all angry, he thought he could dandle me into a pliant mood, by repeating all the flattering things Miss Gamble had said. I affected to give way to his scothing treatment, for he would be less on his guard if he thought I had fallen into his trap.

"I assure you," he said in a purring way, "she showed the liveliest interest for you—almost talked of you with tears in her eyes—read over to me all your letters—which were admirably written."

I smiled, that he might think he was doing me.

"Yes," he went on, "she was dreadfully shocked at your being shut up in prison."

"Well, I admit, Mr. Weed," I replied in a gentle voice, "that I am deeply gratifed at these details, which I cannot doubt, as you assert them. It appears, then, that Miss Gamble was really attached to ms. Did she admit that she had pledged me her hand?"

"Yes, she did; but frequently expressed her doubts as to your affection for her. She wondered why you did not offer marriage in her best days, but waited till she had one into a large fortune?

This was a sly hit, which he thought would dampen me somewhat.

"She may have said this to you," I continued, "but she always declared to my Consul, Dr. Baker, and to everybody else, that I had abandoned for her another match, with a large fortune. It is idle, though, to discuss these walved herself too highly to believe that her fortune alone drow me on; she krew, further, that I nad a handsome salary from the English government; and sh

"What did she reply?"

"Ehe smiled, but said nothing to the contrary."

"It was then the best thing," I declared; "but now it is too late. By-the-by, you have not told me yet why you published her story, without coming to hear mine."

"Haven't I?" he returned, apparently surprised.
"There was a reason at the time. Let me see."

He pulled away a this segar, and looked up and down in search of some ingenious pretext.

"There ought to be a good reason, Mr. Weed," I remarked; for both as a journalist and a just man, it was blameable to publish an exparts statement. "If you had only come to me".

"Oh! I remember," he resumed, "what prevented me. I had nearly forgotten it."

"What was it?" I asked, really curious.
"Yes, that was it. I knew there was something;" and be jumped up and put his back to the fire, as though he washed to warm up his idea before dishing it.

"Well?" I queried.

"Why, in anort, I was told that you relied on the British government for protection, and that you didn't care about having anything to do with Americans."

Bravissimo! I crued to myself; Talleyrand himself could not have done better. If I had allowed myself to be disarmed by this absurdity, he would have had an excuse for the public, and a quietus for me.

"It is strange," I replied, with the utmost gravity, "that a man of your sagacity was so easily misled; for you knew that the champion of Miss Gamble was the British chosel, whils the United States Consul, Dr. Baker, was my sole defender. From this, it appears that you took the British chosel, of the question."

"Well, I may be mistaken," said the hardened politician, not in the least abselted to find his rocket fly back in his own face.

"But let me ask you a question or so."! I continued, "about the famous "abduction." What did Miss Gamble tell you about that?"

"Not a word to your discredit," replied Mr. Weed; and off he went again on the soothing tack. "She said distinctly that you were not guilty of the smallest indelicacy in word or act."

"Why, you don't say so!" quoth I, this

"My, you don't say so quest."

"Indeed I do," he continued. "Ehe said that she never had the least apprehension of any personal violence." [Mr. Weed has stated this to others, as will be shown.]

I have got you in a tight place at last, methinks, was my inward reflection.

I have got you in a tight place at last, methinks, was my inward reflection.

"That is very important, Mr. Weed." I remarked aloud. "Are you sure that your recollection seves you faithfully?"

"I can't be mistaken in that," he replied; "for I wrote down all she said the moment I left her, and while it was all fresh in my mind."

"That is all I want," I said in a tone of satisfaction; "if Miss Gamble told you I treated her with deference, then I am satisfied. Indeed, her going to sleep at the 'Iron Crown,' under my protection, after leaving my apartment, is proof enough of my previous good behavior. What did she say about that?"

"She admitted it, but I don't recollect exactly what she':"

vior. What did she say about that;

"She admitted it, but I don't recollect exactly what
she':

"Well, never mind," I said carelessly; for I thought
it best not to push him too hard. I therefore changed
my ground at once. "Did anybody urge you into writing against me, Mr. Weed?" I asked.

"I think not," he said, looking rather puzzled.

"I was told that Miss —, had a hand in it."

"No, for I saw her at Florence, and after I left
Genoa."

"Hew did you like Italy, Mr. Weed?"

"Very much, indeed."

"I dare say you found Rome the most interesting
place of all?"

"I think on the whole it was. By the by I should
mention an amusing thing that occurred there connected with you."

"Ah!"

nected with you."

"Ah!"

"Yes, Mr. Cass got me a private audience of the Pope, and as we were driving there together, he turned round to me and said, 'Do you know why I wanted you to see the Pope? An old friend of mine has got into trouble at Genea, and I wish you to ask the Pope to interede for him with the King of Sardinia,' and then he began to relate your affair. 'Bless my soul!' I exclaimed, 'why didn't you tell me that before. I can't speak to the Pope in his favor, for I have taken up the other side, and written a full account of it home.' 'What,' said Mr. Cass, quite taken aback, 'was it you who wrote that?' and so the subject dropped between us, and the Pope escaped the intended application.'

the other side, and written a full account of it home," (What," said Mr. Cass, quite taken aback, "was it you who wrote that?" and so the subject dropped between us, and the Pope scaped the intended application."

"At that time," I returned. "But Mr. Cass is not the man to give up his point, or abandon a countryman in distress. He went to the Pope himself about the matter. But I will not detain you longer, this evening, Mr. Weed," I said, rising, for we have been talking over an hour.

"I have a little engagement on hand," he observed, no doubt anxious to get me off.

"I have brought you a copy of my book, as far as it is printed," I observed, handing it to him. 'Read to ver, that you may see how dreadfully you have slandered me. Here is your own publication, too, in a Parisjournal, copied from a London one. Compare them together, and I will drop in on you to morrow, to hear whot you think of it. At what hour shall if find you?" Mr. Feed looked as though I was treating the matter very methodically, but he answered—

"Well, I shall be in at about two o'clock."

"I shall not fail," I said, bidding him good night. 'Pray, do not come out I know the way."

How polite people are apt to be when they have done you a wrong.

I was content with my first interview with Mr. Thurlow Weed. His manner clearly indicated that he found himself in an uncomfortable position, and he made admissions that surprised me beyond measure. His verbid declarations were in flagrant contradiction to his written statement, and I was at a loss to account for it. Both could not be true. He seemed disposed, as I thought, to do me justice, and when he reads over my history of the affair, supported by such conclusive testimony, he will not scruple. I concluded, to retract his calumnies, and express his regrets. I was pleased to think I should have no difficulty with him, though I had been advised, as a matter of policy, to sue him. So him for libel, said many of my frients, and that will give more noticity than ever to your book, and enlarge its sa

rest.
"Well, Mr. Weed, have you read the book?" I began.
"I have been so much occupied," he replied, "that I have only had time to look over a few pages."
This was very shrewd on his part, for he got rid of giving an opinion, by pretending not to have read the book. However, I meant to follow him up closely to-

book. However, I means to remove mine up covery day.

"What do you think of it as far as you have gone?"

"Why," he said, trying to look very innocent, "I don't see that the facts related by you differ very much fram those given by Miss Gamble. The discrepancies are not very serious, and, in short, it is pretty much the same story."

I caukin't help admiring the calm assurance of this veteran dissembler; but I was not to be discomfited so easily.

same story."

Iculan's help admiring the calm assurance of this veteran dissembler; but I was not to be discomfiled so easily.

"They are so far the same," I replied, "that the hero and heroine of both are Miss Gamble and myself; but in all clae they are as wide as the poles asunder. In your statement there are many events fully detailed that never occurred. You say, for instance, that I followed Miss Gamble, after contriving a plot with her courier, from Turin to Genoa, at the very hour I was dining with the Sardnian Cabinet at Turin. You assert, also, that I gave the lady one dose of chloroform, and threatened another. Now these 'ciscrepancies' may seem trifling enough in your eyes, but they are not so in mine. Besides, the coloring you gave your version throughout was adroitly calculated to lower me in public esteem. Come, Mr. Weed, he more just and less in genious. Can't you say something more astisfactory?" In replying to me, he expressed himself in so many different phrases, each contradicting the other, that it put me in mind of one of Cromwell's speeches.

"Now, what do you mean by all that?" I asked, very coolly, trying, meanwhile, to look under his eyebrow.

"I mean," he said, changing his seat, "that you had the woman in your hands half-a-dozen times, and I don't understand how a man of the world like you, and a diplomatist to book, could let ther slip out so of en."

He had dropped his tone of blandishment, I saw, and was now trying the effect of an aggressive one.

"Why, I had no wish to hold her against her will," I returned; "and for that mister, I am now the first diplomatist outwitted by Miss Gamble. I would match her jor stratagem against more knowing heads than mine. She has managed to get you into a rather awkward scrape, it appears. I don't accuse her of want of principle, but there is a Mablerie in her disposition she cannot control I remember she told me that sundry years ago she tormented some early admirer of hers till she resolved, out of pity, that if he asked her again she would cons

leave the public to judge unfavorably, that to make an exhibition of the secrets of my heart. I am not hardened enough in authorship to put a window in my breast, opening on the street. There was nothing in the struggle i have described to preclude a mutual attachment. Miss Gamble coquetted to postpone our marriage, for the love of the thing; and instead of plying her with entraties, the usual way, I employed various russes to defeat her. This was from pride and policy, and not from calculation or a want of affection."

"Oh! I understand it now," exclaimed Mr. Weed. "You have suppressed the sontimental part, and have recorded only the lively sparring that constituted, in fact, the main part of your courtable."

"Those not unfamiliar." I explained, "with the counter-currents of the heart, know that one eign of an ardent passion in certain natures is the zest they take in contending with each other. At our age and with our characters, a sentimental courtship was out of the question; but the stolen look, the involuntary sigh, the unbidden blush, that betray love's infection, may not have been wanting in our case; but such things are not told to print. As I have written my story, I may have left myself exposed to the suscicion of mercenary motives, which I regret; but my chief aim was to vindicate my-relf against the disreputable acts falsely attributed to me."

"Just so," observed the stoical politician, who was

self against the disreputable acts raisely scribated to me."
"Just so," observed the stoical politician, who was more likely engrossed with some new party intrigue than edified by my dissertation on the vagaries of the crack brained.
"Did Miss Gamble tell you, Mr. Weed," I asked abruptly coming to the point, "that I attempted to chloroform her?"
"Yes; she said you tried it once, but only in jest. You threatened, if forced to it a second time, not to fail."
"She wished you, then, to believe that I contemplated

to fail."
"the wished you, then, to believe that I contemplated an outrage upon her."
"Yes," he replied; "something of that sort."
"Did she say I gave it a second time, as I threatened?"

ed?"
"No."
"Then, did she leave you to infer that—that I was not "Then, did she leave you to infer that—that I was not "forced" to administer a second dose?"
"I don't know," responded Mr. Weed, getting rather perplexed.
"Now, all this seems to me somewhat inconsistent with her telling you, as stated last night, that I acted with the greatest delicacy, and that she had not the least apprehension of personal violence. Just what she often told the United States Consul at Genoa."
"Why, yes," Mr. Weed confessed, "it is rather contradictory."

tradictory."
"And didn't it strike you so at the time, a sharp man

like you?"
"Well, no," he persisted; "she worked it all into one story so ingeniously, that I didn't see the incongruity."

I thought the time had now come to make him open his eyes, if possible; so I added—

"I will tell you something, Mr. Weed, that may sur-

I thought the time had now come to make him open his eyes, if possible; so I added—

"I will tell you something, Mr. Weed, that may surprise you."

"Ah!" he said, as if quite on his guard.

"Are you aware that Miss Gamble denies that she ever said a word to you about chloroform?"

"What?" he cried, as though a thunder-bolt had nit him; and his eyebrows flew right up his forehead. He stared at me in amazement, and his eye sparkled as though his mind was suddenly illumined. I scrutinized this almost invisible feature of his with care, and found in it the elements of his character. There was sagacity, resolution, cunning, and a dash of good nature. "What!" he repeated; "who told you this?"

"A friend of hers, lately, in London."

Mr. Weed recovered himself in a moment, and down went the eyebrows again. He meditated, and was silent. I saw I should get no more out of him, and I rose.

"Well, sir," I said, in a more decided tone than before, "what do you propose doing for me?"

"I cannot say exacity," he replied, looking down at his boots, "for I have not read the book."

"How long will that take you?" I asked.

"Some two or three days."

"Keep it then until you have perused it, but do not let it go out of your hands."

"I promise you that."

"And, what then, Mr. Weed?"

"Why, then, when the book appears," he said, moving off towards his bedroom, "I shall say something that will be satisfactory to you."

This was another capital artifice of the Albany Machiavel, for if I had accepted his offer he would have written a pleasant paragraph or so about the book, taking case, of course, not to compromise himself, or seriously con!radict the story he had once published.

"No, that will not do, Mr. Weed," I said, rather determined. "I would like you to write me a letter, at once, admitting that you disparaged me in error, and adding what regrete you plaze."

"Very well," he returned reluctantly, "I will try and do what I can"

"I would like you to write me a letter, at once, admitting that you disparaged me in error, and add

"In what time ?" 'In two or three days."
'That will do, and I shall be glad to let the matter

drop there."

We parted on the best of terms.
"When do you leave for Albany?" I asked, return

We parted on the best of terms.

"When do you leave for Albany?" I asked, returning.

"To-morrow morning, early."

"I shall not see you then again; and so good-by."

It is superfluous, I take it to make any comment on the foregoing conversation. The stopendous contradiction in which Mr. Weed involved himself, by anying that Miss Gamble had testified to my gentle behavior towards her, after he had published her declaration that I had employed chloroform for a felonious purpose, was no palpable that I supposed he would be delighted to get ut of his false position in the casy and pleasant manner bad suggested. It cannot be cenied that i acted in a can-id and liberal spurit in all this. I was blamed, as I said, for want of caution. I preferred yielding to my impulses, however, trusting, as I have done a hundred times, to the post's foresignt:

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; which should teach us There's a liviouty doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will
I passed the astor House about two o'clock, next day, and thought I would holt in. Sure enough, I found the sly estime of the Kening Journal seated quietly in his room, up to his knees in newspapers.

"What, not gone?" I exclaimed.

"No," he said, placidly, "I am waiting for the Message."

"Not read the book yet?"

"No," he said, placidly, "I am waiting for the Message."
"Not read the book yet?"
"No, I am so busy."
"I dare say," and I sat down at his request.
We had a chat on foreign politics, and then got back to the Cuba question. I found the views of Mr. Weed those of a practical politician, but expressed with his usual hesitation, bordering at times on vagueness.
"Non-committal" was so long the order of the day at Albany, that it has likely become an endemic there. I had no wish to renew our conversation on the same

had, no wish to renew our conversation on the same topic, and soon got up to go. Mr. Weed, however, made a final attempt to gain a point, and lay a "kedge to windward," as sailors say, for he remarked—"I lougot to say that Miss Gamble told me you combined against her all the influences you could bring to bear; that you got round her old nurse, and won over several of her friends?"

"All's fair in love, Mr. Weed, as in politics, and that we uld be my excuse if it was so, but I did nothing of the kind. You know Miss Gamble, and must admit that a woman at her time of life, of her intellect, singular character, and vast experience in coquetry, is not to be wheedled and influenced against her will, like a girl in her teens. No, sir, that accusation is as groundless as the rest."

character, and vast experience in coquetry, is not to be wheelled and influenced against her will, like a girl in her teens. No, sir, that accusation is as groundless as the rest."

With that I left him, he promising to "do his duty," as he said, and I, never couhting but he would.

I wrete to him at Albany the succeeding day to say I had read over his Gencese letter of two years back, and counted no less than twenty instances of rank fabrication. I touched upon his notion of "influences" again, to request the return of my book, as my publisher was uneasy about it. The book was returned, but no letter. Several days elapsed, when I desired a legal friend to address him, but the oracle of the Ecening Journal has given no response. This is neither courteous nor business like. I appeal to the public; I appeal to the friends of Mr. Weed; I appeal to Mr. Weed himself; am I not entitled to redress? Is this a "luxury too daring," as Milton had it?

The above had already gone to press, when I received the following letter from Mr. Thurlow Weed, which confirms in its spirit and matter so completely my relation of the interviews with that gentleman, that all must admit its fidelity. This letter is quite a gem in its way, for whilst its apparent design is to extenuate his previous misstatement, it, in fact, reiterates numodified its worst features. Let the reader judge for himself:—

DECEMBER 12, 1854.

HENRY WIKOFZ, ESQ.—DEAR SIR.—The unpublished volume which you handed me in New York, was remanded by express before I Jound leisure to finish reading it, and I was called from home without having time to answer your letter.

On my return 1 found a letter from John B. Scoles, Esq., indicating your purpose of seeking legal address in the event of my being unable to make auch voluntary revaration as you felt that you have a right to claim from me.

I am constrained to repeat what I remarked to you in conversation, that to far at I had proceeded in your revokations concerning Miss Gamble. I did not discover the exercited in the

I am constrained to repeat what I remarked to you in conversation, that so far as I had proceeded in your revelations concerning Miss Gamble. I did not discover the essential discrepancies between that lady's version to me, and that which you propose to give yourself. Her account is substantially corroborated by your narrative. But while the facts in the case do not materially differ, as stated by both parties, the details and coloring cerpy naturally leave different impressions.

Miss Gamble, in her conversations with me, seemed rank, unreserved, and sincere, and I certainly left her with a strong belief in the trathfulness of her statements.

The accusation which you regard as most injurious to our reputation, and that which you are most anxious or rept, is the alleged attempt to use chloroform while Miss Gamble was in your apartment at Genoa. My reollection is, that Miss Gamble informed me that after aving made a feint of applying chloroform, you threat-ned, if driven by her returned to extremity, that you would use it in earnest. You informed me that Miss Gamble desired having made this statement. If to your sould use it in earnest. You informed me that Miss Gamble form Turin to Genoa, having arranged with her courier to delay her journey. This conflicts with Miss Gamble's statement. I only know that I gave the circumstances substantially as I received them from that lady, who I am persuaded was sincere in her belief of their truth. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

This letter was dated December 12, but mailed only on the 17th, and reached me on the morning of the 18th.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

THURLOW WEED.

This letter was dated December 12, but mailed only on
the 17th, and reached me on the morning of the 18th.

Mr. Weed took ample time, therefore, for deliberation.
I have italicised the prominent points of this singular
production. Mr. Weed still keeps his hand on
a back door, as it were, whence to escape
should the pressure be too hard, for he speaks,
always of not having read the book, after retaining it for
no less than five days, when only as many hours
were necessary. It was his duty clearly to read it
forthwith, as he was called upon for a prompt reparation, and it is strange, indeed, that he should give his
final opinion before he had done so. As it is, he ventures
to declare that Miss Gamble's "account is substartially
corroborated by your narrative," without explaining